

St. James's
P A R K:
A
SATYR.

*Non mihi si Linguae Centum sint, Oraq; Centum
Ferrea Vox, omnes Fatuorum evolvere Formas,
Omnia Stultitiæ percurrere Nomina possim.*

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the *Water-side*. 1708.

St. James's

P A R K

S A T Y R



Now and then a new edition of this
little book is published, and it is
found to be a very useful and
interesting volume.

L O N D O N

Printed and sold by the
Widow of the late Mr. [Name]

St. JAMES'S

PARK, &c.

IN Days of *Yore*, when Vertue was in Vogue;
 And Folks disdain'd the Name of *Whore* and *Rogue*;
Conduct was thought a necessary Evil
 To save a foolish Sinner from the Devil :
 For tho' with Scorn, the World such Ridicule,
 Yet this affected wise One is the Fool ;
 Who misapplies his Passions, Love or Hate ;
 Or whatsoe'er he does, comes out of Date ;
 For 'tis not Pride, but Folly rules his Fate.
 His nat'ral Vanity is always such,
 He either does too little, or too much.

Nor walks one Foot alone, without his Mate,
 That can as noisy and as empty prate :
 Ev'ry Coquet can now her Author quote,
 And like her Paraquet, talk off by Rote.
 Their Wit is like their Cloaths, gravely and slight,
 That pleases not the Ear, nor these the Sight.
 Their soft'ning Arts, unthinking Fops beguile,
 But cannot make the Stoick deign to smile.
 For who can laugh at such prepos't'rous Vice,
 To see meer Ideots wisely look precise !
 Of Wits, and Beauties too, assume the State,
 And censure those they cannot imitate ;
 'Till, like blown Bladders, they with Wind are full,
 And must discharge themselves, tho' ne'er so dull.

Thus *M—g—ve*, like a moving May-pole stalks,
 And *M—g—ve* with ev'ry Female talks ;
 Then loudly laughs at the insipid Jest,
 As rustick *Hob* does at a Country Feast ;
 When eager Mastiff takes the Bull by th' Ear,
 Or *Roger's* overturned by the Bear.
 This clownish Mode they seem much to affect,
 As careless, and an Air of their Neglect,
 To shew the prudent Belles, that they despise
 The Character of being thought too wise :
 While *Lemon* fancies to be very Tart,
 And shew the Ladies his profound Desert ;
 The fairest Parts, when tasted, prove no more
 Than a Crab-Lime of *English* Growth, that's sour.

Nor must we here omit, among the rest,
Gerrard and *Litton*, to make up the Jest,
 As two eternal Fops about the Town,
 The common Theme of ev'ry new Lampoon :
 These

These banter *Phillis* in a Hackney Way,
 But to *Myrtillo*, han't one Word to say;
 No more than that insipid painted Sign,
 Of Wit and Gallantry, *F——k Columbine*;
 Whose nauseous Looks, at the first Sight foretel
 The Qualities that in the Carcass dwell.
 To ev'ry Woman he makes some Pretence,
 That is, if she have Merit (I mean Pence)
 Enough to countervail his Want of Sense,
 Who boasts of Favours given to the Fair,
 Tho' to a Soldier's Honour, such as never were.
 Incorrigible! — to frequent that Place
 Where still the Object meets the guilty Face.
 Hold, Satyr! why should'st thou pursue his Name,
 There're twenty such as he, that have no Shame,
 Who strut the *Mall*, look big, and huff,
 Like any Citizen adorn'd with Buff?
 But they have forgot *Almanza's* fatal Plain,
 And all their verdant Honour that Day slain;
 While here *St. James's Park* was the Campaign.
 Inglorious Mortals! such, that go about
 To kill the Fair with Powder, without Shot,
 'Cause Death lies lurking in a Scarlet Coat.
 For Shame give o'er your murd'ring Trade of War,
 At least forbear t' attempt again the Fair;
 For they've discover'd now the Ambuscade
 Of Lace, and Sash, and Feather for them lay'd.
 These were the Stratagems, you knew full well,
 That us'd in *Spain* and *Flanders* to prevail.
 But now, alas! your Mines of Dress are sprung,
 And you left naked to a salt'ring Tongue,
 Unus'd to Eloquence, but rather made
 To fright the tender Sex, than to persuade:

While thus one crys, *Madam, you're very fair*;
 'Tis true, by G---d! G---d damn me, so you are!
 Another more polite, in Bombast read,
 Doubts not, but when he comes to plead,
 His Rhime or Rhetorick will succeed;
 And thus accosts the Fair, *The Moon shines bright,*
But nothing, Madam, to that Heav'nly Sight,
Your Eyes, that would perswade me 'tis not Night.
But will you go? Cruel! to leave me here,
Dark without you, as Heav'n without a Star.
But what Concern is't, when from me you go,
Whether I break my Neck this Night or no?

But while the whining Fop's bidding adieu,
 Reels in, of nobler Rank, a drunken Crew;
 'Mong whom, R-----d ne'er fails, with *Mo---n* and *Tun*,
 Who's always seconded by Brother Gun.
 These are scarce ever sober in the *Mall*,
 But they're supply'd by *Dormer*, *Whiteman*, or *Lapel*;
 And honest drunken *Jo* disdains to be
 Behind the best of them for Ribaldry:
 For like the *Jackall*, he is sent before
 To hunt out Game, and to secure a W-----.
 Tho they pretend to all the Belles in Town,
 And toast the reigning Beauties for their own,
 Their Joys are only fix'd at the *Queen's-Arms*,
 Where 'tis the Wine, and not the Beauty charms:
 But then their Souls in wanton Flames dissolve,
 And with some common She, they prostitute their Love.
 This is the utmost Conquest that they gain,
 And so they boast of Happiness in vain;
 While vertuous Beauty does in Triumph reign.

Now,

Now, Satyr, leave their Spewing in the Dark,
 And let us view the Jest of all the *Park*;
 At threescore Years, a young, an airy Spark;
 Who, after honest Pimping all his Life,
 At last procur'd himself a youthful Wife;
 And now, without Remorse of Gout or Stone,
 From Sixty odd, sets up for Twenty One.

Nor is old *St. John's* guilty less of Folly,
 Tho' some, perhaps, may call it Melancholy;
 He would not willingly consent 'tis so,
 But rather be thought mad, than not a Beau.
 Now view young *St. John's* stepping it with State,
 Affecting to be thought still very Great:
 He forces on himself an easy Air,
 And studies unconcern'dly to appear,
 Which makes the Mimick look more stiff and queer:
 Like *Dives* impertinent, and yet precise,
 Who, by much questioning, would be thought wise.
 So *Coote's* affected Mein, and awkward Gate,
 Shews much the Lord, but not the Man of State:
 And little *Lumley's* warm Amours to all;
 Tells ev'ry Fair, that he's a Prodigal:
 While, see one crowding in to make his Court,
 Make Room for a Brigade with *Davenport*;
 Who jostles up the Ladies on each Side,
 While they despise his Ignorance and Pride.

Satyr, take Care, *Macartry* comes this Way;
 And to the Ladies, has a deal to say:
 No, I'm mistaken, he stays only there
 Whisp'ring the reigning Beauty in the Ear.
 Oh! 'tis no Wonder, she should raise his Fire;
 Whom all Mankind so justly do admire:

But his conceited Speeches, I'm afraid,
 Make small Impressions on the lovely Maid.
 Hark, Satyr, hear soft *Radnor's* am'rous Moan,
 Cooing, like some sad Turtle left alone ;
 And of his Mate bereft, in Silence walks,
 While ev'ry chirping She about him talks :
 From him such fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
 As with contagious Sweets, infect the Fair.
 Mean Time, old *Morton's* peeping in their Faces,
 As if the Ladies Eyes were Looking-Glasses ;
 Tho' at the same Time, fears, that they should see
 His Age's Wrinkles, and Deformity.
 Therefore, like *Athen's* Guardian, he comes out,
 When Bats dare fly, and Owls dare stare about ;
 Then he, with *Leicester's* Figure may compare,
 And think himself as lovely, and as fair ;
 Which none come here, that would not be, or are. }

Now, Satyr, leave thy pois'nous Sting behind,
 And shew how to the Good thou canst be kind ;
 How thou art pleas'd with *Dorset's* gentle Nature ;
 His Wit and Humour, and with ev'ry Feature ;
 Such as we see in *Sidney's* Image shine,
 Like the *Arcadian* Shepherd, all divine.
 But *Vertue* won't admit of any Toil
 To set off *Compton, Walpool, Temple, Boyle* ;
 These shine in Wisdom, Honour, and in Sense,
 Grac'd with good Humour, void of all Offence.
 To *Bath*, a hopeful beauteous Youth appears,
 Blooming in Vertue, as he grows in Years :
 And *Harwich*, rich and sprightly Genius shows,
 The gen'rous Blood, that in the *Cistern* flows.
Hunter is brave, *Read* handsome, *Kerr* genteel,
 And ev'ry honest Fellow loveth *Will*.

So

So *Hill's* engaging Way, and *Shorter's* Voice,
 Make them the Men, as well as Womens Choice.
 And here, with these, at one Survey, we see
Grafton's good Nature, *Grav'nor's* Gravity.
Windham, with an obliging gen'rous Air,
 Good humour'd, and indulgent to the Fair:
 While *Britton's* handsome yet enough to please,
 Was not his ruling Wife such a Disease.
Coote is agreeable, *Fitz-patrick* good,
 And rich in Vertue, as he is in Blood.
Evans is taking yet, as once he was,
 But the fine Gentleman's drown'd i' th' Glass.
 Now *Bing* survey, after his Toil and Care,
 Amidst the Conversation of the Fair;
 Pleas'd here with such a beauteous noble Show,
 He bravely guarded from th' insulting Foe:
 Proud only now he had so happy been,
 Subjects so fair to save, to serve so good a Queen.

But let us view, 'mong these, the am'rous Spark,
 That ev'ry Night is martyr'd in the Park;
 Observe his Sighs, as if his Heart would break,
 But yet he dare not, or he cannot speak:
 Reasons too weighty to be understood,
 But we'll suppose, at all Times they are good;
 Else *Tunbridge* would not bow so oft in vain,
 To one the Town would publish his Disdain;
 While She, unmindful of his Love or Hate,
 With a regardless Smile commands his Fate.
 The awkward Gallant, like a new-mark'd Deer,
 Once meets the Fair, then quits the Field with Fear:
 His hasty Flight makes him confess his Love,
 And tho' the Object does, the Dart he can't remove.

Being

Being struck with awful Silence and Surprise,
 Like Travellers, with Lightning from the Skies,
 She blasts the Lover with her killing Eyes. }

Now comes the keeping Cully, from the Arms
 Of wanton *Cælia* and her *Syren* Charms,
 To watch the Motions of th' inconstant Fair,
 Least she should be too early for him here.
 His jealous Eye makes ev'ry Couple She,
 Pleasing herself with some more able He;
 And while this Passion labours in his Soul,
 His Fancy roves, and frantick Eye-balls roul.
 The next kind looking Female he pursues,
 Out of Revenge, ev'n to the nauseous Stews
 Near *Drury-Lane*, and round about the *Mews* :
 Then to his Mistress Lodgings hastens Home,
 Laden with all the poys'nous Plagues of *Rome* ;
 Or those that from *Leghorn* and *Venice* come,
 The Rheumatism, the Gout, the P---x, the Stone.
 Thus the kind Keeper, to compleat the Cure
 Of what he is not able to endure,
 Makes her an equal Suff'rer with himself,
 And satisfies the World that he's an Elf. }

Another Sort of Mortals here we find,
 That neither are so cruel, nor so kind ;
 But only traffick for a Night or Day,
 And by the Hour, like *Hackney-Coaches* pay,
 Tho' some there are, that bilk and sneak away. }
 These are the busy Men that fill the *Park*,
 And scour the *Mall* as soon as e'er 'tis dark ;
 With the same Insolence attack each Fair,
 And look as if they'd ask them who they were :

'Gainst

'Gainst those that laugh at them for Fools, they rail,
 But ev'ry Drabble-Tail they walk with is a Belle.
 Good Heav'ns ! to see such silly awkward Apes
 Set up for Mode and Manners, Dress and Shapes,
 'Twould give a Man of serious Thought, the Spleen.
 But that there's such Variety again,
 Ev'ry new Couple make a diff'rent Scene.
 Folly's so mix'd with Vanity and Pride,
 'Tis hard to tell which is the strongest Side.
 This in their Commendation may be said,
 They imitate each other, Good or Bad ;
 But then that there should be so many Fools,
 Is such a Quære, 'twould perplex the Schools.

The Wonder lies, that th' keeping Tribe should be
 The Club of Wit, the Men of Poetry.
 But this makes out, that Wit, when brought to Test,
 Is nothing but a Flash, an empty Jest ;
 And those that to it make the most Pretence,
 Are always found to have the least of Sense.
 This they are fond to let the People know,
 That Notice may be ta'en of what they do.
 Thus *Manwaring's* the Vanity to boast
 Of what he ought to be asham'd of most.
 One that deserves no better Name than W——re.
 Tho' many a P——r had had her here before ;

Not but she has alike to all been chaste,
 And shewn her Constancy still to the last.
 Ev'n *M——n* will blush to hear *Ophelia* nam'd,
 But would be glad to have her surely d——d;
 And *Edgcombe* has by St——rs thus been fitted;
 Ought not the little Man then to be pity'd?
 While ev'ry Night the *Park* is made the Scene,
 Where he's for acting the same Game again.
 With *Buda's* 'Prentices he's proud to walk,
 And laught, profusely pleas'd with what they talk:
 Which the severest Critick must think witty,
 Because the Jades, tho' awkward Things are pretty.

Nor can the sober trading Cit forbear,
 From coming to regale his Palate here,
 With the fresh Breezes of *St. James's* Air;
 Which whets his Appetite to a Degree
 Of imitating the Top of Quality;
 Which, like an *Ape*, he mimicks in his Dress,
 But quite out-does him in his keeping Miss;
 Which he comes here to see in all her Airs,
 As entertaining as the dancing Bears.
 Another comes only with a Design
 Of taking *Phillis* to a Glass of Wine:
 But first to shew his Breeding, is profuse,
 Venting all the Compliments in Use;

To some *Madona*, pick'd out from the rest,
 Who gives herself strange *Airs*, and is so dress'd,
 'T would make a Man ev'n puke to look upon her;
 She's deck'd in Print, like any Maid of Honour;
 But some there come from thence so wond'rous rude,
 The Foot-men of the Town an't half so lewd.
 These play their Wit upon the *Orange Wench*es,
 And pester the poor *Masks* upon the Benches;
 'Till having rak'd about 'till it is dark,
 They scour away, and cry, *G—d damn the Park*;
 Then to some Bawdy-house, or Tavern go,
 And sport off their loose Corns, 'till One or Two.

But what are these, to all the mimick Sport
 Those make, who in dumb Language court?
 Who bow their Heads in Terse, and cringe in Carr?
 Who kiss their Hands, and clap them on their Heart?
 Who coe like Turtles, grin like fawning Fools?
 Pur like Boar Cats, and look like blinded Owls?
 Stare ev'ry female Creature in the Face?
 Then bray upon them like some untaught Ass?
 But what are these, to such as whine and cant,
 And purely to oblige the Ladies, paint?
 Like *Talbor* at full *Mall*, ride in his Chair,
 When other Folks are walking in the Air?
 Prepost'rous Ideots! how each strives to shew
 Which is the greatest Fop, not which the Beau?

Now let us cautiously the Belles survey,
 And take their Pictures as they pass this Way:
 View those that gladly would be fancy'd fair,
 And let them, in this Glass, see what they are.
 But, Satyr, if they dare not trust thy Skill,
 Then let them die, while they behold their Rivals kill:
 And

And see the Men imploy'd, searching the Air
 To borrow Similies, to shew how fair
 Is *Beddingfield*, whose Charms do lie
 Beyond the Flight of Wit or Poetry.
 So *Flanmen*, with a modest Lustre shines,
 Like Silver Oar dispers'd in baser Mines?
 A pleasing Strife arises in her Face,
 'Twixt White and Red, to give the greater Grace,
 That Beauty may in all her Colours play,
 Awful, to fright the Coward Hearts away.
 But he that names thee, *Cludde*, only speaks true,
 Who says but this, —————
 There needs no Lustre of your self, but you ;
 Since all Mens Fancies do combine to make
 You glorious, Envy can only say, you take
 The Hearts of all Men, and this Fame declares ;
 But what is more, not to be took by theirs.

This is the Glats wherein the Fair may see
 Unstudy'd Art, native Simplicity ;
 Charms modest, and unborrow'd as the Dress,
 Are Things that in a Woman always please,
 While *Newton's Affectation's* the Reverse. }
 Tho' Shape and Air, and good Complexion join,
 The Art of Pleasing, is the main Design.
 That makes fantastick *Boyce* so much abhorr'd,
 While *Osborn*, *Wortley*, *Windham*, are ador'd.
 This makes the *T——ds*, ugly as they are,
 Mix ev'ry Night among the charming Fair ;
 And tho' their Age and Malice both prevail,
 They would perswade themselves each is a Belle.
 So from the City constantly they come
 To mortify themselves, and then go Home :
 While *Hale* and *Lawrence* are deserv'dly prais'd,
 And all Mankind are with th' Encomiums pleas'd.

The

The S — by's dress'd with Fanatick Pride;
 In gilded Coach each Day to *Hide-Park* ride;
 Then to *St. James's* are more fond to go;
 Alike the Mother, and the Daughters too;
 Thinking, that Age and Uglineſs i' th' Dark,
 As ſoon as Beauty may procure a Spark;
 But to their Sorrow, they may plainly ſee,
 The Men deſpiſe ſuch ſordid Company.
 While beauteous *Seymour* ſhews her graceful Face,
 And *Tomount* ſtill adorns the happy Place.
 Cenſorious S — ll's envious are in vain,
 And the ſcrub Crew from *Weſtminſter* complain.
 Mean Time, *Montbermer* does her Charms diſplay,
 And *Dudley* ev'ry Night is freſh and gay.
 The *Howards*, with Pigs Eyes, affect to be
 Genteel, and Thought the beſt of Quality.
 While *Dunch*, whoſe ſpreading Beauty is full blown,
 With modeſt Bluſhes, would her Charms diſown.
 But *Winchcombe*, fancying to be very gay,
 With Jems does her Deformities diſplay;
 And at the ſame Time, wiſely does ſuppoſe,
 The Pendants at her Ears, will hide her Noſe:
 And that all Things about her might be ſeen,
 She ſhews her mauking Daughter, dowdy Queen.
 But let us now facetious *Sherrard* ſee,
 The Life and Soul of all good Company;
 With *Griffin's* Air and Mein, joyn'd to a Voice,
 Not our Averſion, *Wharwood's* Like, but Choice;
 For

For tho' malicious Censure in them dwell,
 Yet each of them would still be thought a Belle:
 Like Clergy's, or like Chettwyn, still assert their Reign,
 And shew their Pow'r to punish Hearts, or gain.
 While L—— and G—— both affect to be
 What they're, but only Apes of Quality,
 Fantastick both, as they are of one Mind,
 So to each other said to be inclin'd:
 Then 'ts hard, that they should not be Censure free,
 And give some Grains, as well as take, of Liberty.

But since so many do frequent this Place
 For Conversation, not to shew a Face,
 Dormer, a bright Example may be made,
 To vertuous Love and Marriage to perswade;
 Since here he lets the World in publick see,
 How happy 'tis when Man and Wife agree,
 He quits all others for her Company.
 The chaste and prudent Wife, her Part to prove,
 In Conduct makes Returns for vertuous Love;
 Not like that Coquet H——m——d, in a Chair
 With Curtains drawn, visit a Strumpet Player.
 But for her Husband's Sake, and her own Fame,
 Preserve her Charms, her Honour, and her Name.

FINIS.

